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Treasure Chest[®]

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OF FUN & FACT

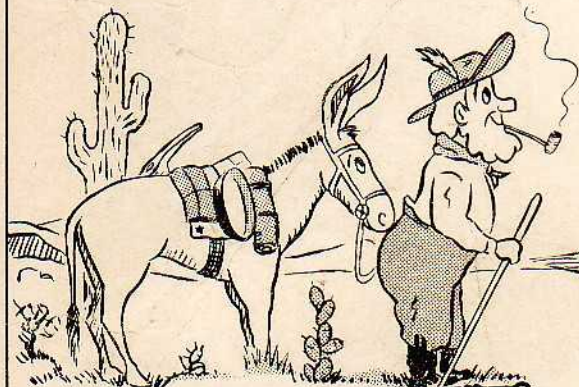
10¢
(U.S.)

"The SPACE
TRAVELERS
TRAPPED
NEAR A
VOLCANO."
(Page 3)

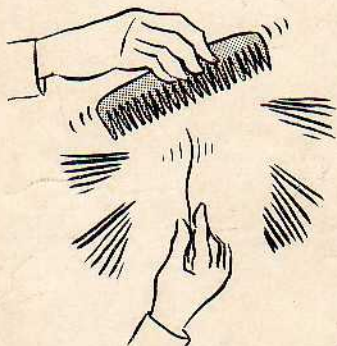


WEB COMIC
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FUN PAGE

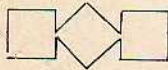


Trick of the Week

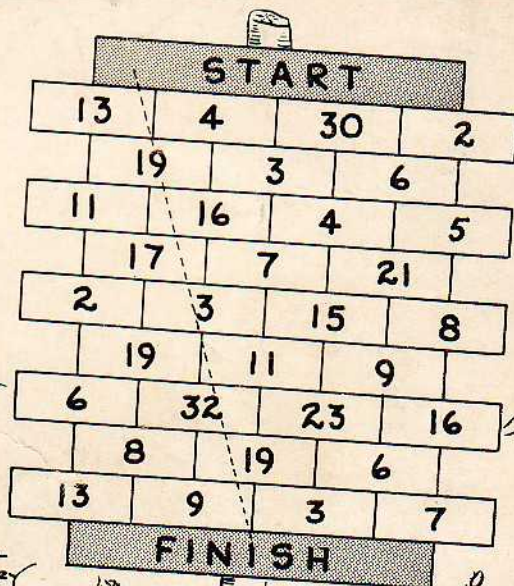


CHARGE A COMB WITH STATIC ELECTRICITY BY COMBING IT RAPIDLY THROUGH YOUR HAIR. HOLD A 3-INCH PIECE OF THREAD IN ONE HAND AND THE CHARGED COMB AN INCH OR TWO ABOVE IT. THE THREAD WILL STAND UPRIGHT. BY MOVING THE COMB BACK AND FORTH THE END OF THE THREAD WILL FOLLOW IT AND SEEM TO BE DANCING!

SOLUTIONS

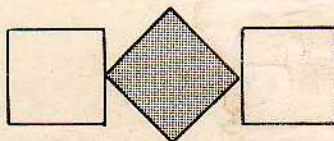


WORD GAME--SLOW, WEIS, STEW, TOTS, OWLS, WEPT, PETS, LOTS, STOP, POST, POST, POLE, SOLE, STOW, OATS, POET, STEW, TALE, SLAT, AND OTHERS



Bill Berry

DRAW A STRAIGHT LINE ACROSS THE ABOVE FIGURE SO THAT THE NUMBERS IN THE BOXES CROSSED ADD TO THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE SCORE. OUR SCORE WAS 139, BUT YOU SHOULD DO BETTER THAN THAT!



CAN YOU DRAW THIS FIGURE WITHOUT LIFTING THE PENCIL FROM THE PAPER?



HOW MANY FOUR-LETTER WORDS CAN YOU SPELL BY MOVING FROM LETTER TO LETTER IN ANY DIRECTION. THE ARROWS SHOW YOU HOW TO SPELL "SALE". YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO SPELL AT LEAST TWENTY OTHER WORDS.

KIDNAPPED BY A SPACE SHIP

PART VIII

A RACE WITH DEATH!



THEN...

WE CAN'T WASTE A MOMENT! IF THAT LAVA REACHES US...

OH, DAD... TOM! ARE YOU SAFE UP THERE?



MEANWHILE...

THIS... ISN'T EXACTLY... A PICNIC!

THE WORST IS OVER... I HOPE! AT LEAST, WE'VE COME TO THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN.



WE'VE GOT TO MAKE BETTER TIME... OR ELSE!

COULDN'T WE LEAVE THE SPEARS IN THIS LEVEL SPOT AND COME BACK IN THE AIR-CAR?

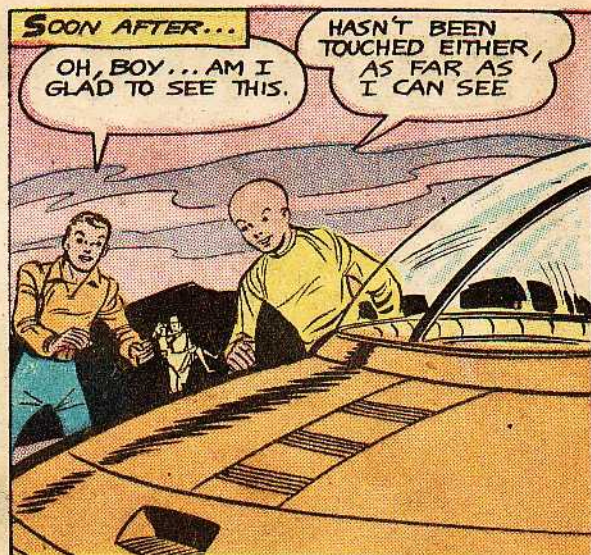
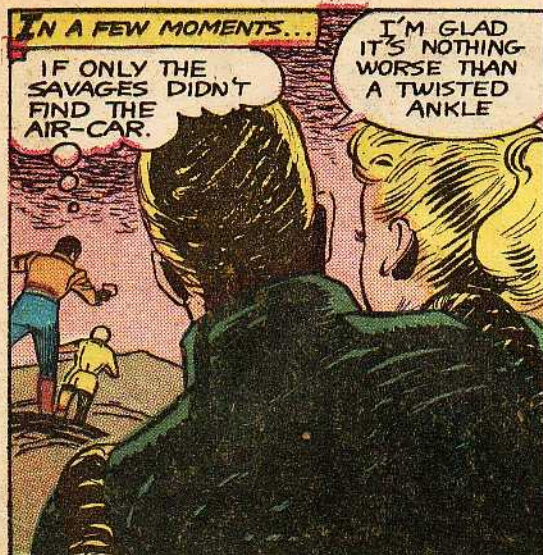


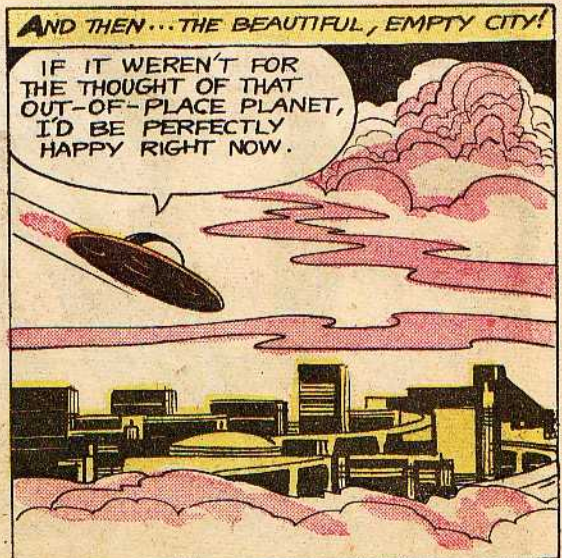
WITHOUT THE SPEARS, THEY GAINED SPEED, AND SOON...

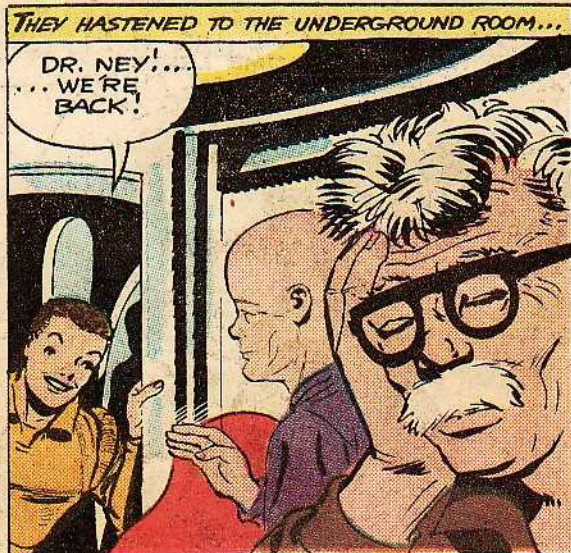
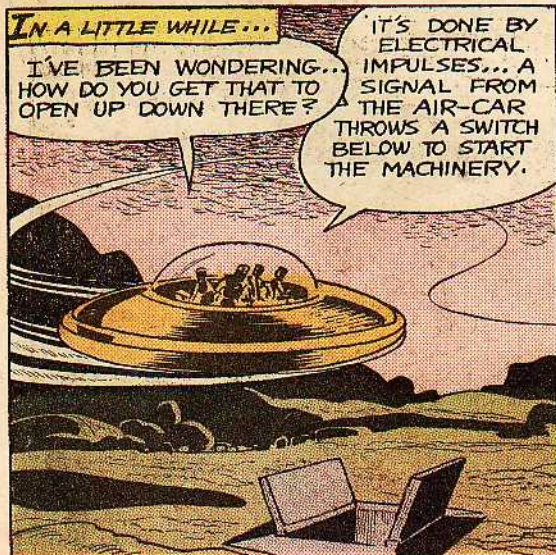
THERE... I SEE THEM!... GECHER'S CARRYING JEAN!

SHE MUST BE HURT!

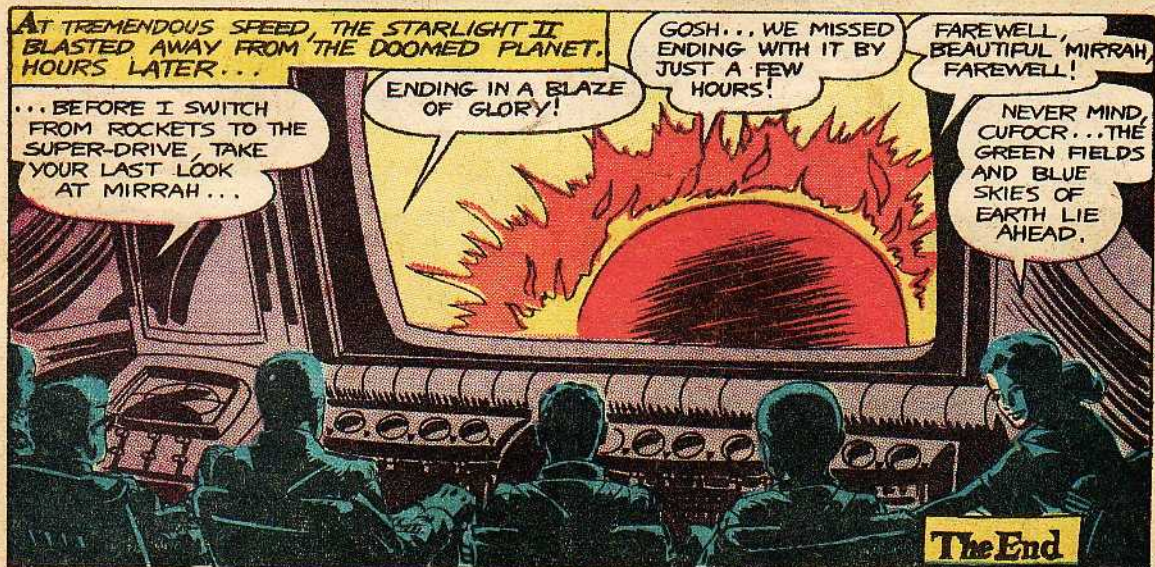
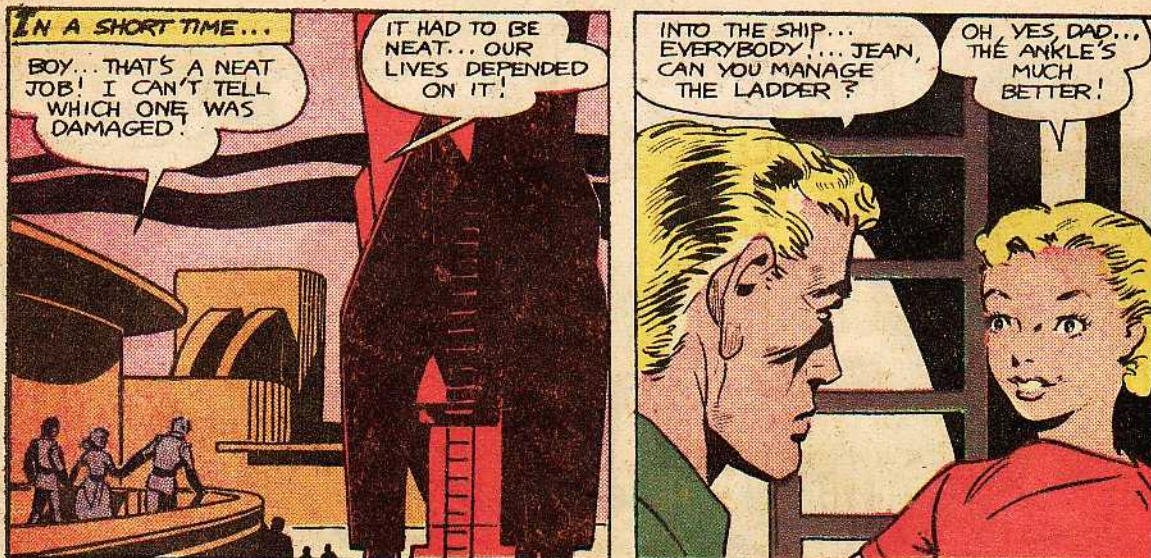












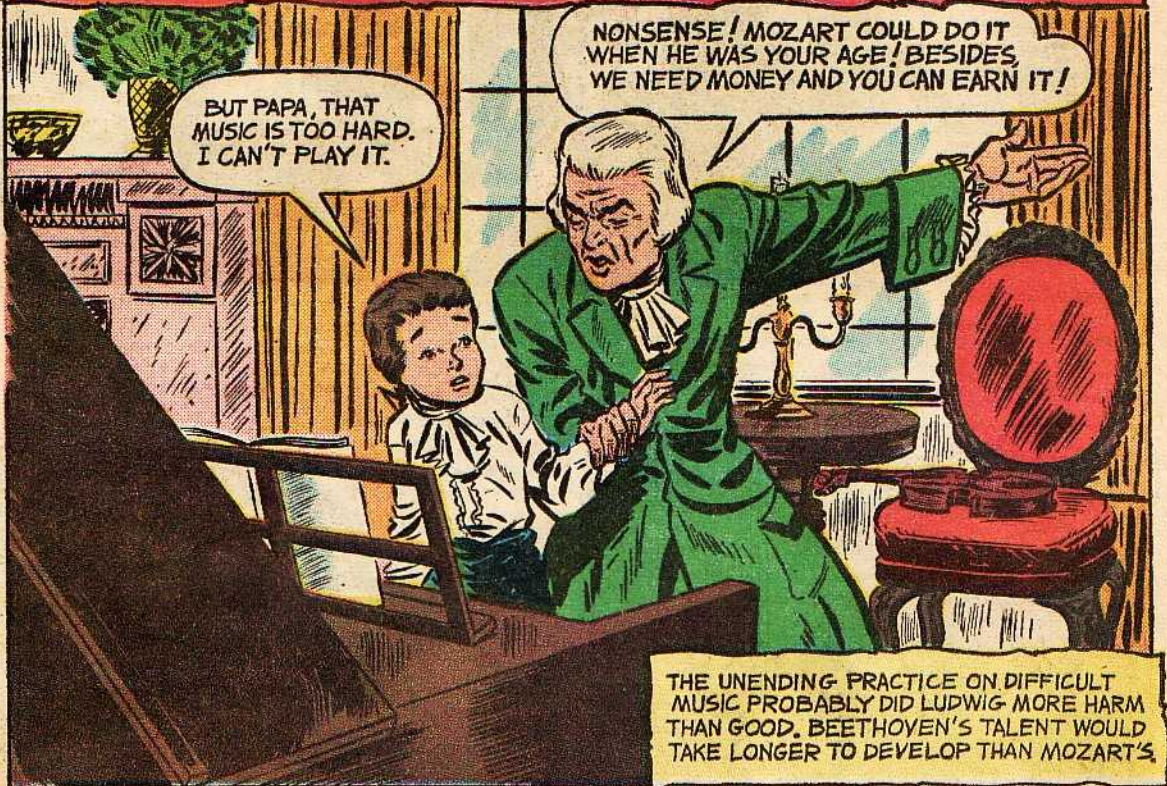
The Book

by Sydney S. Walter

BEETHOVEN

THERE WERE MANY UNHAPPY SCENES
BETWEEN LUDWIG AND HIS FATHER...

illustrated by syl. sawin



IN 1782, WHEN LUDWIG WAS 12, HE STUDIED UNDER A COURT MUSICIAN WHO INTRODUCED HIM TO A VERY VALUABLE BOOK.

DO YOU THINK THIS BOOK WILL MAKE ME A BETTER PIANO PLAYER, HERR NEEFE?

MY BOY, "THE WELL-TEMPERED CLAVIER" WAS WRITTEN BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, AND HE CAN MAKE YOU A BETTER PLAYER IF ANYONE CAN.



WHEN HE WAS 17 LUDWIG WENT TO VIENNA TO BE TAUGHT BY ANOTHER GREAT MUSICIAN, THIS TIME IN PERSON.

THE BOY PLAYS WELL, HERR MOZART.

KEEP YOUR EYES ON HIM; SOME DAY HE WILL GIVE THE WORLD SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT.



BEETHOVEN RETURNED TO BONN WHEN HIS MOTHER BECAME ILL. AFTER HER DEATH, BEETHOVEN HAD TO LOOK AFTER HIS YOUNGER BROTHER. IT WAS DIFFICULT, BUT THE WEALTHY VON BREUNINGS BECAME GOOD FRIENDS AND GOOD INFLUENCES.

WHAT THANKS I OWE YOU. YOU'VE HELPED ME PAY EXPENSES AND YOU WON'T LET ANYTHING INTERFERE WITH MY MUSICAL LIFE.

YES -- BUT JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE NOW PLAYING MUSIC IN THE ORCHESTRA OF THE OPERA DOESN'T MEAN THAT YOU SHOULD STOP WRITING IT.

YES -- YOU MUST LEARN EVERYTHING THAT MAKES A MASTER OUT OF A DISCIPLE.



IN SPITE OF HIS DUTIES WITH THE ORCHESTRA AND HIS DUTIES TO HIS FAMILY, BEETHOVEN FOUND TIME TO COMPOSE. COUNT FERDINAND WALDSTEIN TOOK NOTICE OF THE YOUNG COMPOSER, AND IN 1792...

LUDWIG WENT TO VIENNA, BUT STUDYING UNDER PAPA HAYDN, AS HE WAS CALLED, WAS NOT WHAT HE HOPED IT WOULD BE AND HE OFTEN LET HIS TEMPER GET THE BEST OF HIM.

YOU HAVE A GREAT TALENT, LUDWIG. I WANT TO HELP YOU.

THEN HELP ME GET TO VIENNA. IF I COULD ONLY STUDY UNDER HAYDN! THERE IS SO MUCH HE COULD TEACH ME.



THIS IS A VERY GOOD COMPOSITION, BUT THE TITLE PAGE SHOULD CARRY THE NOTICE THAT YOU ARE MY STUDENT.

IT CERTAINLY WILL NOT! YOU HAVEN'T TAUGHT ME A THING SINCE I'VE BEEN HERE.



WHAT INGRATITUDE! YOU ARE MY PUPIL, AREN'T YOU?

YOU'RE SO BUSY WITH YOUR OWN WORK YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO TEACH ME WHY SHOULD I GIVE YOU CREDIT FOR SOMETHING YOU HAVEN'T DONE?



BEETHOVEN'S GENIUS FOR COMPOSING AND PLAYING THE PIANO MADE HIM A POPULAR FIGURE WITH THE NOBLES OF VIENNA.



HE ENJOYED ASSOCIATING WITH THE NOBILITY, BUT HIS TEMPER SOMETIMES CAUSED TROUBLE. ONCE WHEN SOMEONE WHISPERED WHILE HE WAS PLAYING...



ON SPITE OF HIS OUTBURSTS OF TEMPER--WHICH HE ALWAYS TRIED TO CONTROL AND FOR WHICH HE ALWAYS FELT SORRY--BEETHOVEN REMAINED POPULAR IN VIENNA.

FORTUNATELY, PAPA HAYDN WAS WRONG THIS TIME.

IN 1795, WHEN THE FIRST OF BEETHOVEN'S COMPOSITIONS WAS PUBLISHED, HE HAD ANOTHER ARGUMENT WITH PAPA HAYDN.

THE FIRST TWO TRIOS ARE EXCELLENT, BUT I WOULDN'T PUBLISH THIS THIRD ONE, IF I WERE YOU. IT'S TOO FIERY, TOO HEAVY. PEOPLE WON'T LIKE IT.

BUT THAT'S THE BEST OF THE THREE. IT'S THE ONLY ONE THAT HAS ANYTHING NEW IN IT. THAT'S THE KIND OF MUSIC I WANT TO WRITE.



ON 1797, BEETHOVEN LEFT THE PALACE OF PRINCE LICHNOWSKY, WHERE HE HAD BEEN EMPLOYED FOR SEVERAL YEARS.



FROM THAT TIME BEETHOVEN LIVED ALONE IN RENTED ROOMS, SO THAT HE COULD DEVOTE ALL HIS TIME TO COMPOSING. BUT THERE WERE DISAPPOINTMENTS...

MY LIGHT, HAPPY MUSIC THEY LIKE; MY SERIOUS PIECES THEY TURN DOWN. NOBODY IN THIS CITY, FROM THE SHOE CLEANERS TO THE EMPEROR, KNOWS WHAT GOOD MUSIC IS.



IN 1801, A TERRIBLE FEAR SEIZED BEETHOVEN, AND HE WENT TO SEE HIS FRIEND DR. WEGENER.

I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU, LUDWIG. THE EXAMINATION SHOWS YOU ARE DEFINITELY LOSING YOUR HEARING.

I'VE BEEN SURE OF IT FOR SOME TIME. THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN AVOIDING MY FRIENDS.



PEOPLE THINK I'M BAD-TEMPERED. I'M NOT! I WANT TO BE FRIENDLY. PEOPLE THINK I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO THEM, BUT IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T HEAR THEM.



WHY DON'T YOU TELL PEOPLE OF YOUR DEAFNESS? THEY WILL UNDERSTAND.

I CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO DO IT. I'M A MUSICIAN. MY HEARING SHOULD BE BETTER, NOT WORSE, THAN OTHER PEOPLES!



BEETHOVEN ENTRUSTED THE SECRET OF HIS DEAFNESS TO HIS BELOVED FRIEND, AMENDA.

WHEN THIS GREAT FEAR IS WITH YOU, IT IS A WONDER THAT ALL YOUR MUSIC IS NOT AS SAD AND SERIOUS AS THE ONE YOU CALL "THE PATHETIC SONATA."

I HAVE HAPPY MOMENTS, MY FRIEND, BUT WHETHER I FEEL PLEASURE OR PAIN I MUST EXPRESS MY FEELINGS IN MUSIC.



IN 1809, BEETHOVEN BECAME FRIENDS WITH THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR IN VIENNA, AND THEY HAD LONG TALKS ABOUT A MAN WHO WAS COMING TO POWER IN FRANCE.

AH, THIS NAPOLEON, HE IS A REAL CHAMPION OF LIBERTY.

YES, I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT. I ADMIRE THE MAN SO MUCH I'M GOING TO WRITE A SYMPHONY IN HIS HONOR.



BEETHOVEN KEPT HIS WORD AND WROTE "THE HEROIC SYMPHONY" TO HONOR NAPOLEON.

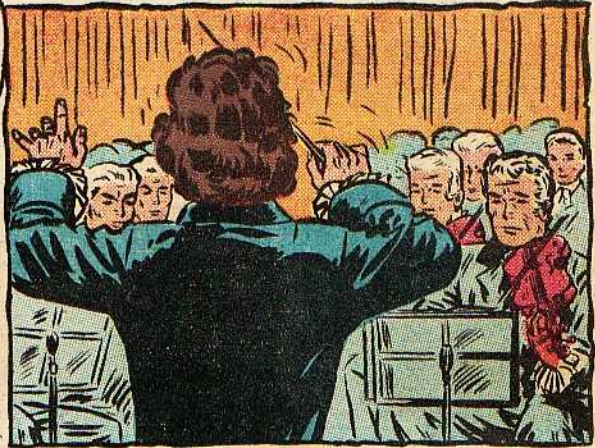
BUT BEETHOVEN HAD NO SOONER FINISHED HIS SYMPHONY THAN NAPOLEON HAD HIMSELF PROCLAIMED EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

BEETHOVEN HAD LONG ADMIRERD THE GERMAN POET GOETHE, AND IN 1812 HE MADE A JOURNEY TO MEET HIM. BUT THE TWO MEN WERE DIFFERENT PERSONALITIES..

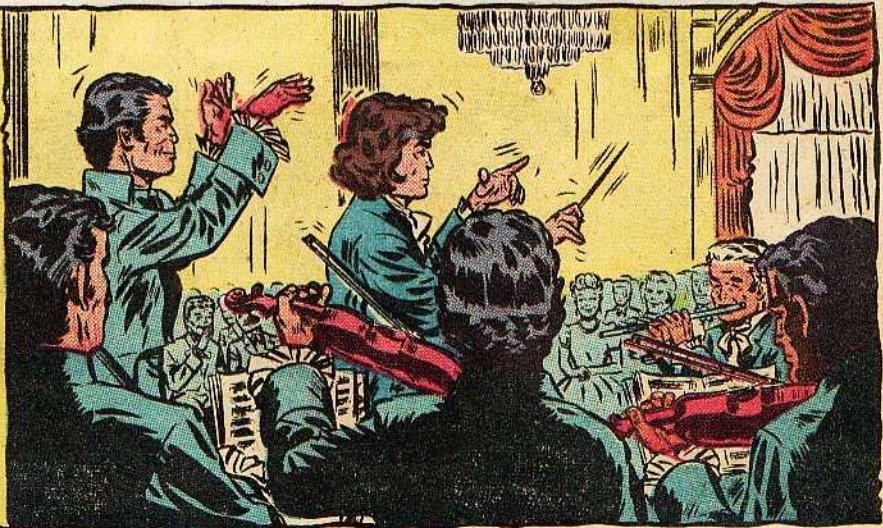


BUT BEETHOVEN CONTINUED TO ADMIRE THE POET IN SPITE OF THEIR ARGUMENTS, AND IN 1815 HE DEDICATED A COMPOSITION TO GOETHE.

DESPITE HIS DEAFNESS, BEETHOVEN CONTINUED TO CONDUCT HIS OWN COMPOSITIONS. ONCE, WHILE CONDUCTING THE "BATTLE SYMPHONY," HE LOST ALL CONTACT WITH THE ORCHESTRA AND HIS CONDUCTING WAS DOING MORE HARM THAN GOOD.



THE SITUATION BECAME SO BAD THAT ONE OF THE MUSICIANS STOOD BEHIND BEETHOVEN AND CONDUCTED THE ORCHESTRA WITHOUT THE GREAT COMPOSER KNOWING IT.

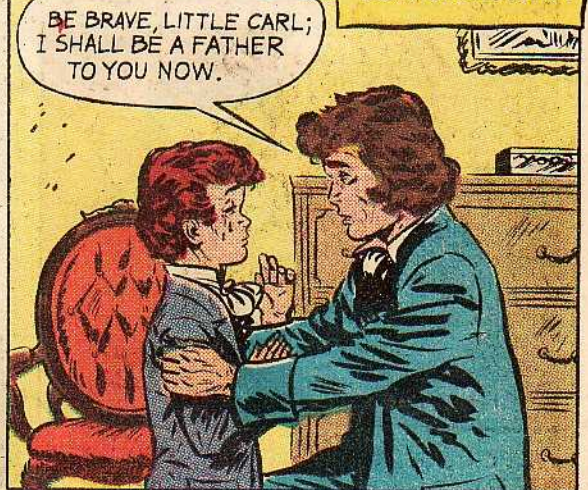


WHEN BEETHOVEN LEARNED WHAT HAD HAPPENED HE WAS HORRIFIED.



LUDWIG LOVED CARL AS IF HE WERE HIS OWN SON, BUT IT WAS A LOVE THAT CAUSED BOTH A GREAT DEAL OF SORROW.

IN 1815 BEETHOVEN'S BROTHER CARL DIED, LEAVING HIS NINE-YEAR-OLD SON IN THE COMPOSER'S CARE.



MUCH OF WHAT CARL SAID WAS TRUE. AT LAST, IN JANUARY, 1827...

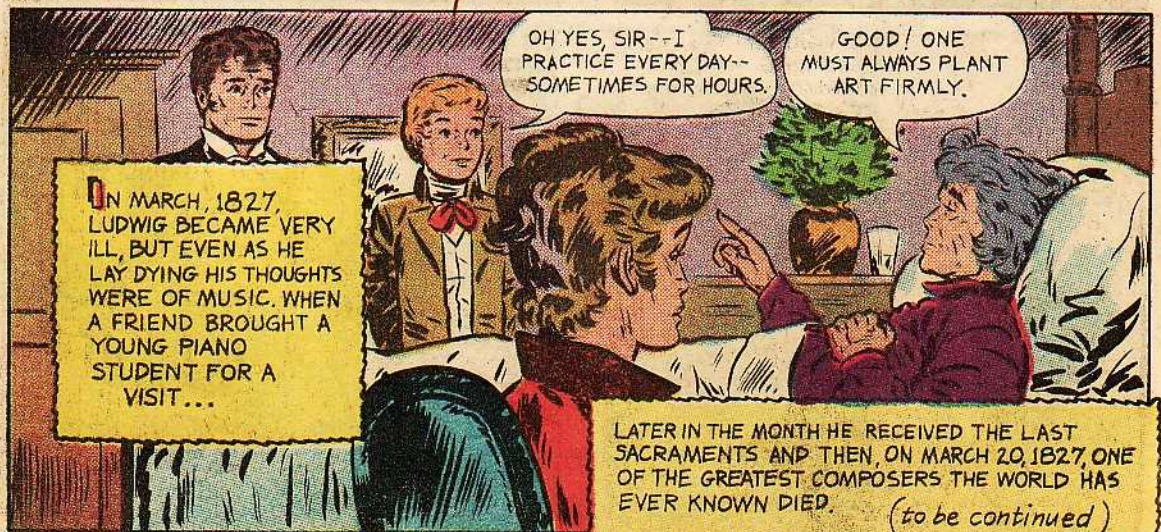
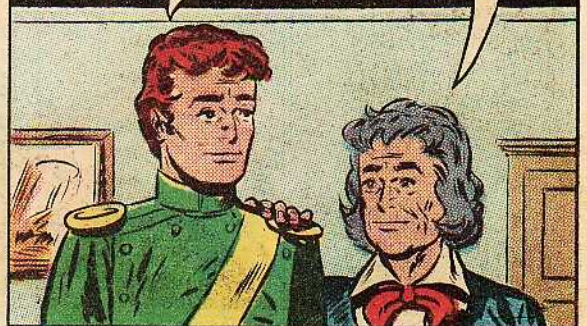
I HAVE SENT YOU THROUGH COLLEGE AND THE TECHNICAL INSTITUTE; YET YOU WASTE YOUR TIME AND MY MONEY! I THOUGHT YOU WOULD BECOME A GREAT LEADER OF MEN.

YOU EXPECT TOO MUCH OF ME! I DO NOT HAVE GREAT GIFTS; I HAVE ONLY ORDINARY TALENTS! YOU EXPECT TOO MUCH OF ME!



THANK YOU FOR PERMITTING ME TO JOIN THE ARMY. IT IS THE ONE THING I WANT TO DO. I WILL MAKE YOU PROUD OF ME.

GOOD-BYE, MY SON. I AM SORRY IF I HAVE CAUSED YOU SORROW. BE A GOOD BOY AND REMEMBER THAT I LOVE YOU.



IN MARCH, 1827, LUDWIG BECAME VERY ILL, BUT EVEN AS HE LAY DYING HIS THOUGHTS WERE OF MUSIC. WHEN A FRIEND BROUGHT A YOUNG PIANO STUDENT FOR A VISIT...

LATER IN THE MONTH HE RECEIVED THE LAST SACRAMENTS AND THEN, ON MARCH 20, 1827, ONE OF THE GREATEST COMPOSERS THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN DIED.

(to be continued)

Chuck White[®]

and his friends

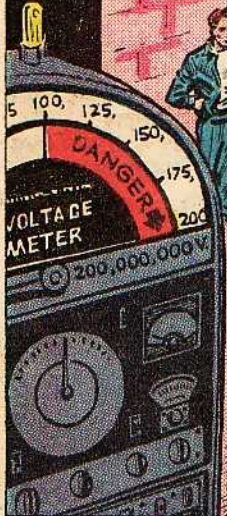
by Max Pine

ON THE TRAIL OF THE ILLEGAL ROCKET PROPELLANT, CHUCK AND MIKE FOLLOW SPIKE, THE SUSPECT, INTO A HIGH-VOLTAGE TESTING LABORATORY...

THAT'S A VAN DE GRAFF STATIC ELECTRICITY GENERATOR. THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT A 150,000,000-VOLT BOLT OF MAN-MADE LIGHTNING AT THAT NEW CAR TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

WHAT'S THAT BIG MACHINE, SPIKE?

EXIT
KEEP CLOSED
EMERGENCY ONLY



Illustrated by
Frank Borth

WHAT IF THE PLANT SECURITY POLICE FIND US IN HERE?

DON'T WORRY, CHARLIE; I WORK HERE ON THE MAINTENANCE FORCE. EVERYBODY KNOWS ME. COME IN HERE A MOMENT...

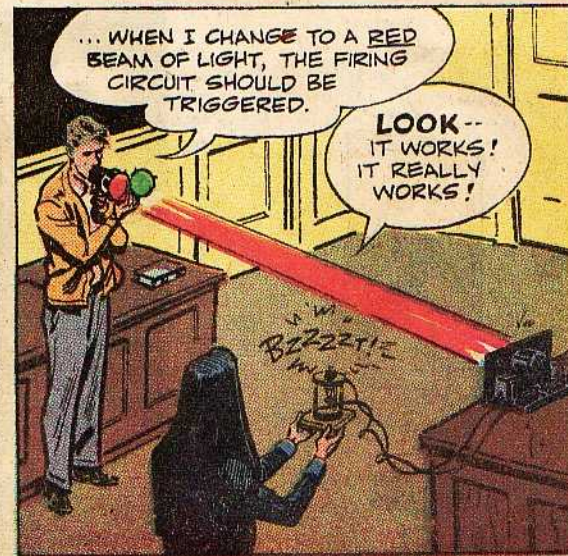
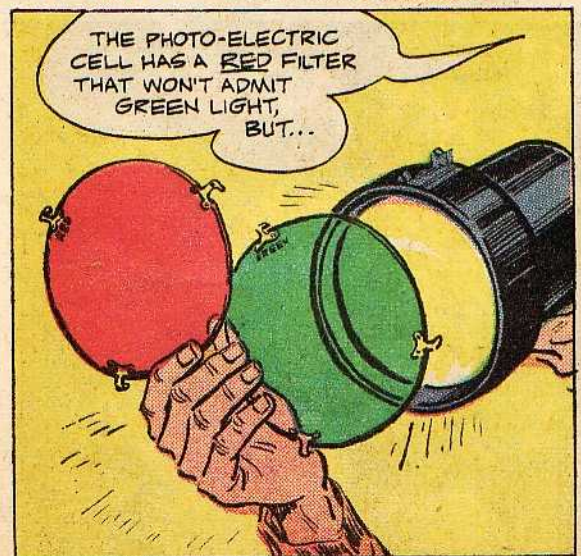
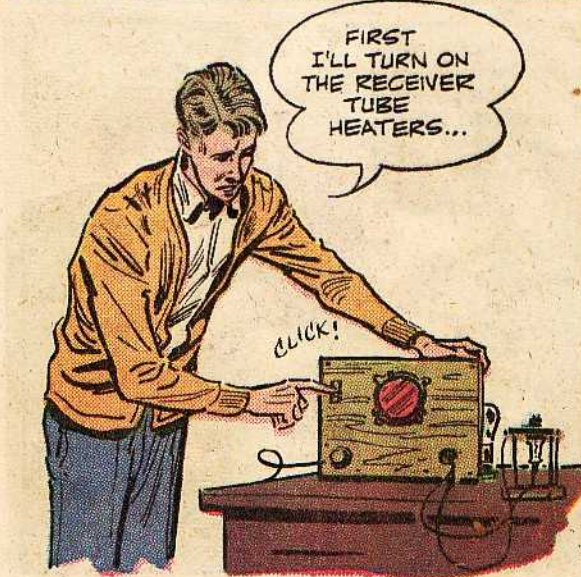
JANITOR

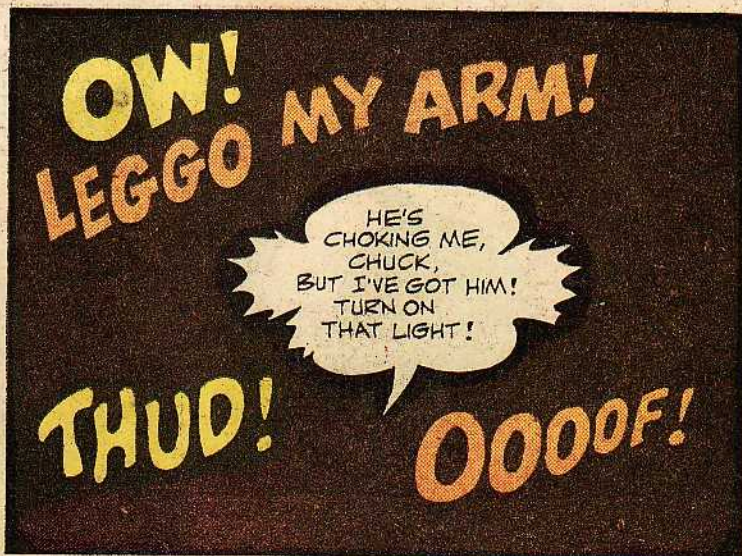
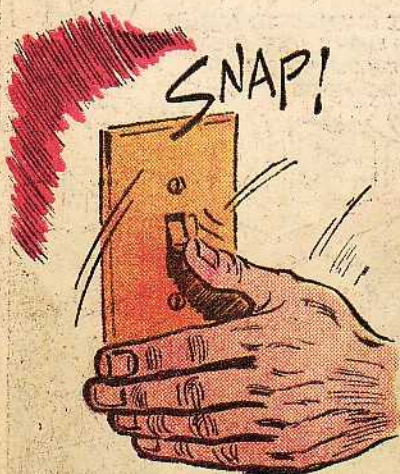
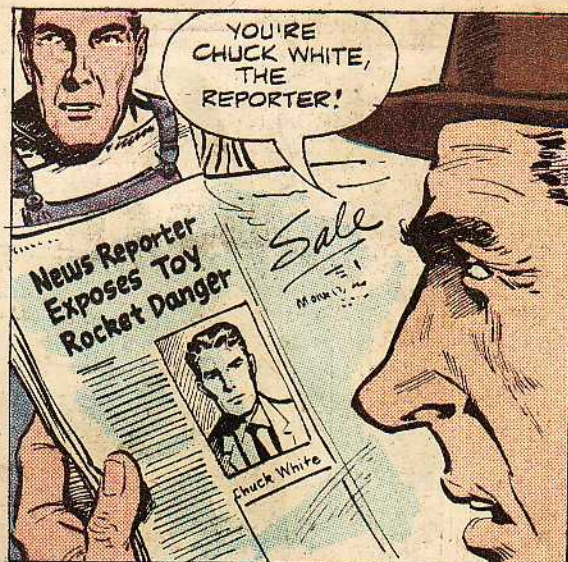
HERE, PUT THESE ON. THEY'LL THINK I'M BREAKING YOU TWO IN AS CLEAN-UP MEN.

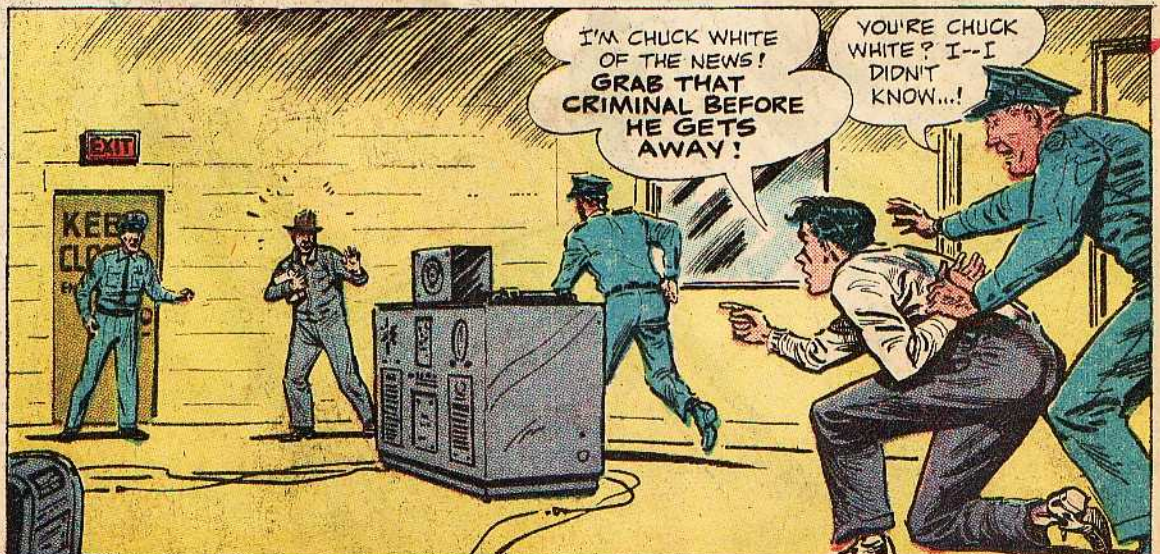
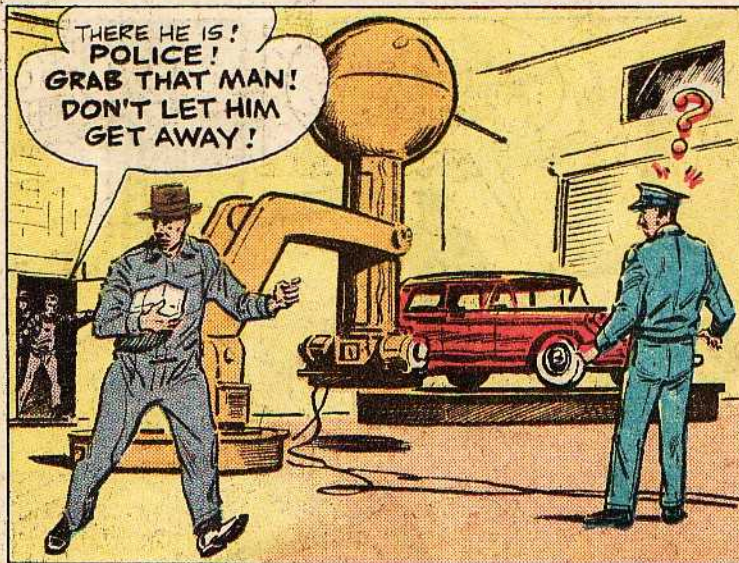
ALL RIGHT-- BUT I STILL DON'T LIKE IT.

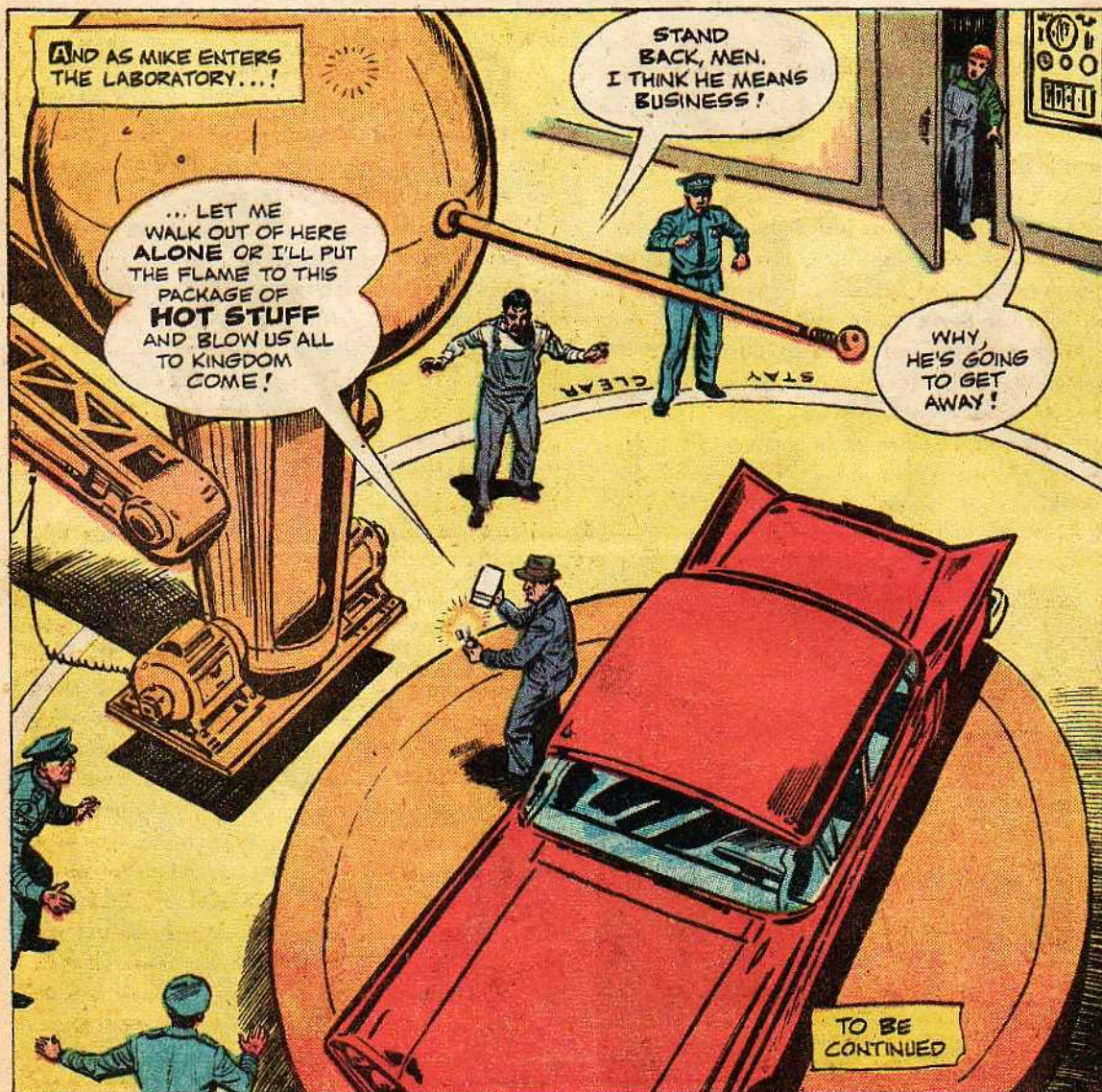
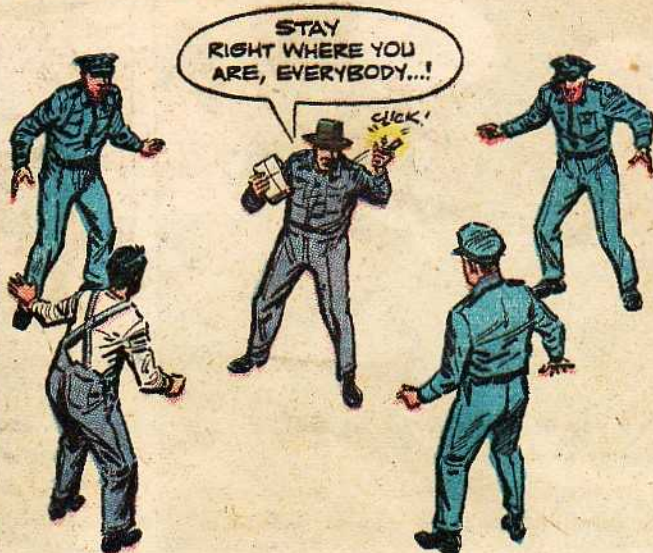












You're Important!

By FATHER JACK, S.J.



Never Was It Known . . .

DON'T you think this is one of the greatest months of the year?

I don't mean because school will soon be out and then there will be three glorious months of freedom. That does make it a great month, but there is another reason, too.

I dropped into a parish church one day. There was only one figure there besides myself. He was in about the sixth or seventh grade and was kneeling at the Communion rail, looking up at a statue of Our Blessed Mother, which was "peeking out" of a mass of flowers and fern.

He didn't know I was just a little behind him, and although you might think I was eavesdropping, I really wasn't. I went in to pay a quick visit—one of those "pop calls" Our Lord and His Blessed Mother really love because such calls, besides taking a little thought to work into the schedule, usually mean that we are thinking about them enough to want to go in and say "Hi." They are sort of casual and informal, but really nice.

At any rate, kneeling there, I couldn't help overhearing a very wonderful young man's

thoughts about his Mother, as he talked to her.

"Gee, Blessed Mother, you're so wonderful and you have done so much for me! I wonder what I would ever do without you. You seem to know me so well, you help me so much, and you always come up with the right thing at the right time—if I'll only be patient and do things the way I figure you would want me to."

The thought flitted through my mind of that great prayer we all learned years ago: "Never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, etc."

She was doing it again. How lucky you and I are to have such a perfect Mother in heaven, who is always looking out for us, who hears every prayer, and who never lets us down, really. She hasn't either. Sometimes we think she doesn't pay any attention, but she will always be sending us that which God thinks is good for us. She hears every prayer we say, and since she is our Mother she understands us—better than we shall ever understand ourselves.

Now, somehow you expect girls to love Our Blessed Mother, and you know that if they really do, they will be something like her in one way or another. It was Mary, you know, who changed the whole idea of womanhood by her life here on earth. Before her, woman was just a slave of man, doing his work, feeding him, answering his every wish. Even today, in many oriental countries where they have never heard much about our Mother, women are regarded in the same way.

But the number of Catholic boys and men who have a sincere and manly devotion to her is something that we can be proud of. There are lots of boys who drop into church during this month of May. Not only then but every month. In the school where I teach you can see a football team or a basketball team or any other team, for that matter, dropping in for one of those "pop calls" and then going over to Our Lady's altar



and kneeling there, straight and strong like knights of old, pouring out their hopes and fears, their ambitions. A young man who was in high school not so long ago told me how he used to kneel in front of Mary's altar and tell her: "Dear Mother, I'll promise to stay very pure, if you will promise me a wife that is like you." He found her, too.

And then there was the handsome "young brute" in the Navy who wrote me that he didn't worry about getting hurt or getting into trouble, because, as he put it, in very bad English but with the deep sincerity that only a real man could have: "Me and the Blessed Mother are buddies." At present he is half way along the road to the priesthood, not only still begging her to be his "buddy" but also trying to make others her buddies too.

Sometimes, you girls think boys aren't very holy just because they aren't as open and devout as you are, but a real Catholic man or boy will only be real in so far as his Blessed Mother is real in his life.

Sometimes we all look at Mary as a person who lived back in history nineteen hundred years ago, wearing a long blue and white gown—someone who really seems "out of it," as you young people would say. But she isn't back there in history. She's right here in the present—now. She wants to be the model of every wonderful fun-loving young woman in America. She lived in a house just as you do; she did the things that you

do. She loved God and was close to Him, and everyone knows that where God is, there is happiness. Her days got monotonous at times, just as ours do. She swept and dusted and washed and cleaned, and she did it for years. Why? Because that was what God wanted her to do, and as we have said before on these pages, that is what makes happiness for sure.

Remember in your New Testament the story of the wedding reception at Cana? Mary was



there, too, having fun. Have you ever been at a wedding reception where there wasn't fun?

Some of us look on her as though she were always on her knees, praying, or—as she appears in the parish church—on a pedestal. Well, if you think that is true, go out into the kitchen sometime and kneel down in front of the kitchen stove and, while in that position, try to cook a meal or move over to the sink and wash the dishes. Mary knew that a housewife can't spend much of her time on her knees and that it's possible to pray as you work.

Our Blessed Mother was and is real, and she wants to be real in our lives, too—if we will let her.

This is May and it is extremely beautiful because it teaches us more and more about how we should look upon and feel about Our Blessed Mother.

All of God's creation seems to burst itself in this spring month to show honor and appreciation because it IS her month. The fresh green grass, the new leaves on the trees, the gorgeous array of spring flowers that get carried into churches and shrines everywhere in the world just to show her what we think of her.

Yes, it is a beautiful month, kids, and it is a month in which we ought to drop into church and learn to talk to her. Start doing it now—and find out what you were missing.



ANTOINE LAVOISIER

FATHER OF MODERN CHEMISTRY

HEROES OF SCIENCE
FRANCES E. CRANDALL
ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY

HE WAS YOUNG and KNEW MANY THINGS, BUT WAS INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO WANT TO FIND OUT ABOUT MORE THINGS. HE COULD SURPRISE PEOPLE, TOO, AS WHEN, IN 1777, HE SPOKE TO HIS FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE. THEY COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT THEY HAD HEARD...

BUT EVERYONE KNOWS THAT BURNING IS CAUSED BY PHLOGISTON!

CERTAINLY! PHLOGISTON IS THE SUBSTANCE THAT EVERYTHING CONTAINS TO MAKE IT BURN.

IF A THING HAS NO PHLOGISTON IT WON'T BURN.

I'VE STUDIED THE PHLOGISTON THEORY. I THINK IT'S NONSENSE. I'VE FORMED MY OWN IDEAS ABOUT WHAT FIRE IS AND WHY THINGS BURN. I'M GOING TO WORK THEM OUT.

AFTER THE MEETING...

BUT SCIENTISTS HAVE BELIEVED IN THIS PHLOGISTON THEORY FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS!

WHICH IS NO PROOF THAT IT'S CORRECT. AFTER ALL, YOU BELIEVED THAT WATER COULD BE CHANGED INTO EARTH AND I PROVED THAT WAS WRONG.

HE HAD, AND NOW, IN THE SAME CAREFUL SCIENTIFIC WAY, HE BEGAN THE SEARCH TO DISCOVER WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THINGS BURNED.

LAST WEEK I DISCOVERED THAT AN AMOUNT OF SULPHUR GAINS WEIGHT WHEN IT'S HEATED. THIS WEEK I FIND THAT HEAT HAS THE SAME EFFECT ON PHOSPHORUS. I'M CONVINCED THAT THE AIR IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE INCREASE IN WEIGHT.

SHORTLY AFTER, THE ENGLISH SCIENTIST PRIESTLY VISITED LAVOISIER...

WHILE EXPERIMENTING I DISCOVERED THIS CURIOUS KIND OF AIR. THINGS BURNED VERY RAPIDLY IN IT--- MUCH MORE RAPIDLY THAN IN ORDINARY AIR. THE FLAMES ROSE VERY RAPIDLY AND WERE VERY HIGH.

PRIESTLY'S INFORMATION EXCITED LAVOISIER. HE BEGAN HIS OWN EXPERIMENTATION ANEW.

I'VE PUT FOUR OUNCES OF PURE MERCURY INTO THAT JAR. NO AIR CAN ESCAPE FROM IT AND NO AIR CAN GET INTO IT. I WILL KEEP THE MERCURY HEATED, ALMOST TO THE BOILING POINT.



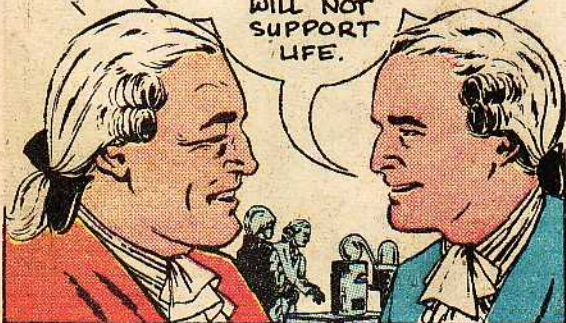
FOR TWELVE DAYS HEAT WAS APPLIED TO THE MERCURY. WHEN LAVOISIER TOOK THE APPARATUS APART CAREFULLY ...

THERE! YOU SEE! APPLYING HEAT TO THE MERCURY HAD THE SAME EFFECT AS BURNING IT. THE AIR THAT WAS LEFT IN THE JAR KILLED THE MOUSE.



THAT PROVES WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT AIR ... THAT IT'S A COMBINATION OF SEVERAL THINGS.

OF COURSE ... SOMETHING IN THE AIR HELPS OR CAUSES THE BURNING AND COMBINES WITH WHATEVER IS BEING BURNT. WHAT IS LEFT WILL NOT SUPPORT LIFE.



NOW WE MUST DISCOVER WHAT THESE LITTLE RED PARTICLES THAT ARE LEFT IN THE JAR ARE.



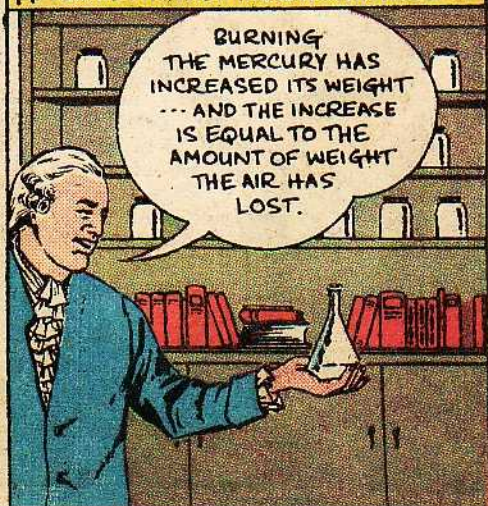
SUCH SMALL PARTICLES! I CAN SEE WHY YOU HAVE ALWAYS INSISTED ON THE ACCURACY OF YOUR SCALES.

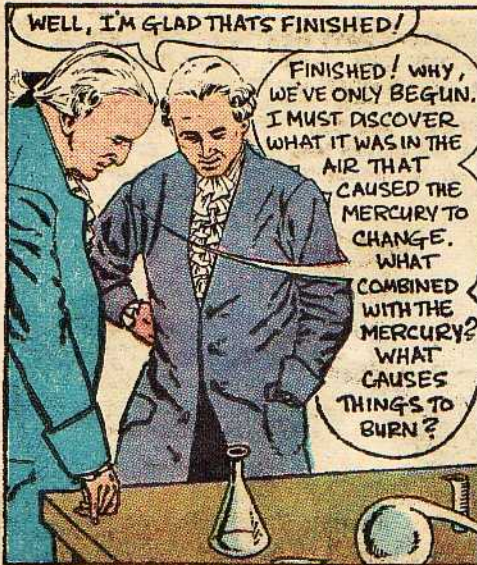
YES. WE MUST BE EXACT AND CAREFUL ALL THE TIME.



AFTER HE FINISHED HIS CALCULATIONS ...

BURNING THE MERCURY HAS INCREASED ITS WEIGHT ... AND THE INCREASE IS EQUAL TO THE AMOUNT OF WEIGHT THE AIR HAS LOST.





PERKY and BOOBY.

PERKY AND BOOBY WENT CAMPING.

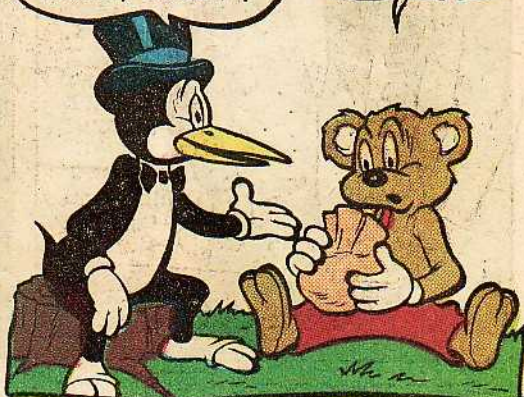
LET'S SIT DOWN, PERKY. I'M TIRED!

I DON'T KNOW WHY. ALL YOU'VE BEEN CARRYING IS THE BURDEN OF CONVERSATION.



I'M STARVED! LET'S EAT. WHAT DID YOU BRING, BOOBY?

UMM ... LET'S SEE ...



WE HAVE JELLY BEANS, GUM DROPS, CHOCOLATE BARS, MARSH MALLOWS, LOLLIPOPS, AND MORE JELLY BEANS.



HOW STUPID! WE CAN'T LIVE ON CANDY. I'M GOING INTO THE WOODS AND SHOOT OUR SUPPER.

OKAY, PERKY.



LATER

HELLO, PERKY! WHAT DID YOU SHOOT FOR SUPPER?

GIVE ME A JELLY BEAN.



I DON'T HAVE ANY JELLY BEANS LEFT.

THEN, GIVE ME A MARSHMALLOW.

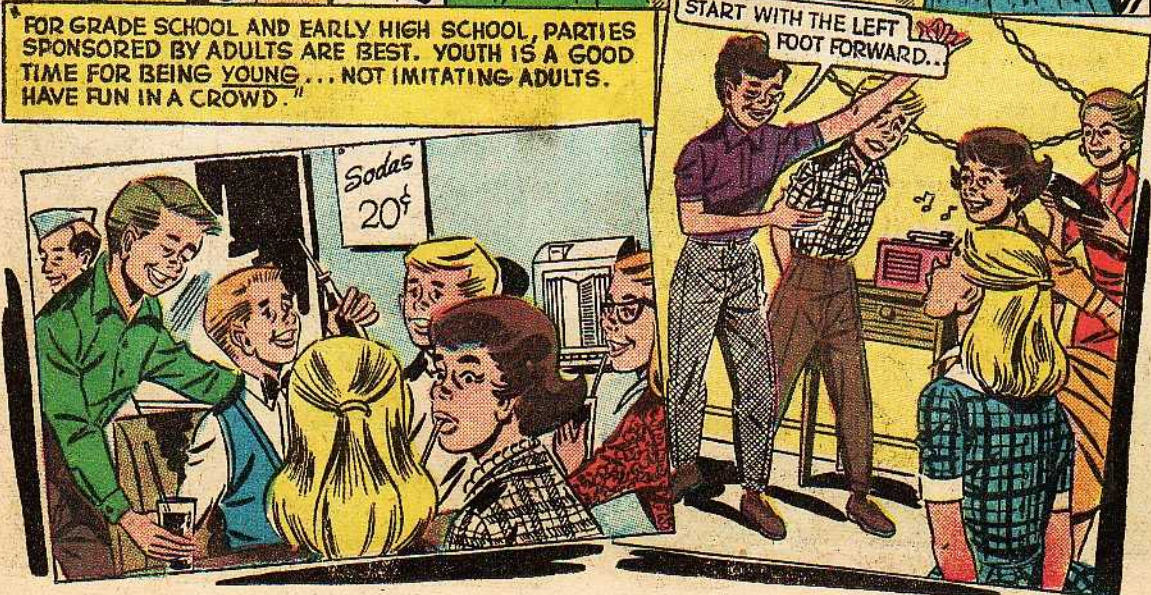
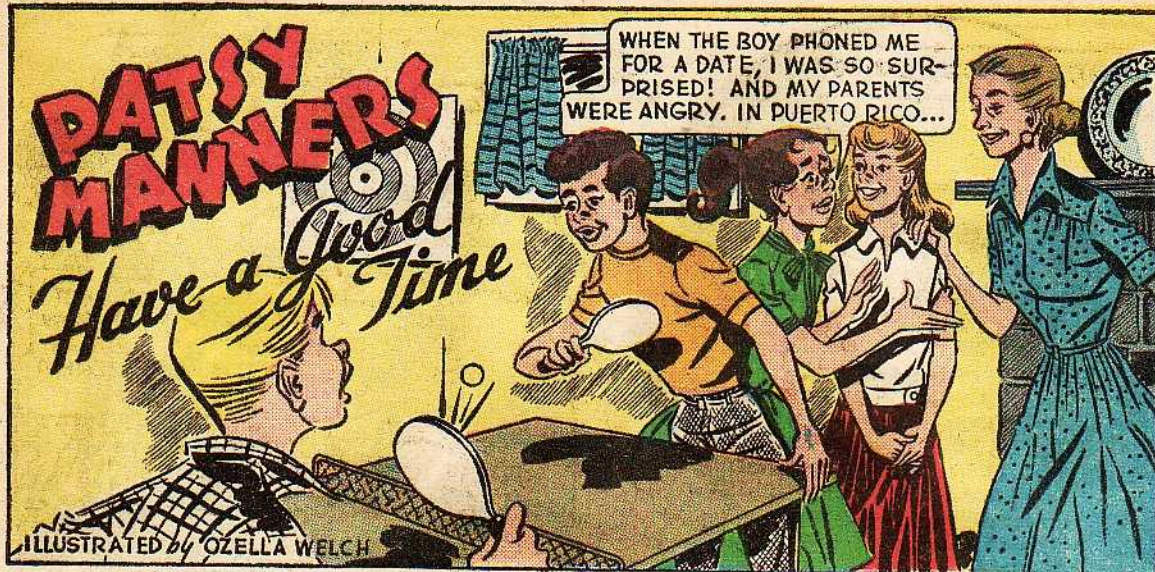
NO MARSHMALLOWS.

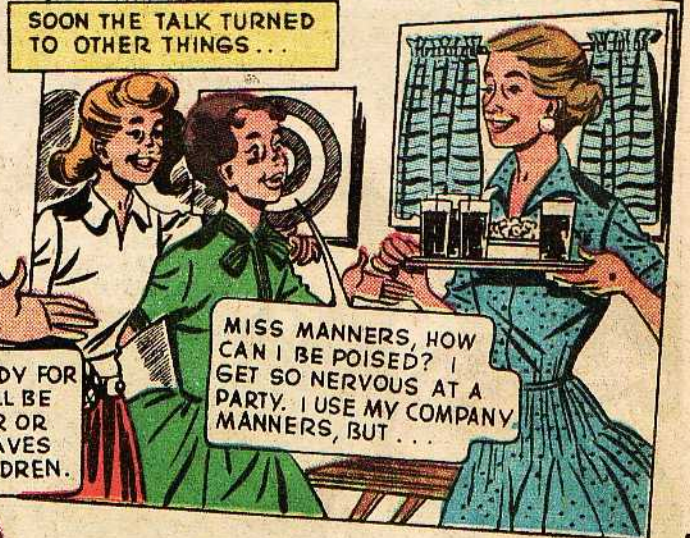
WHAT DO YOU HAVE LEFT?

NOTHING! I ATE EVERYTHING. THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T WANT ANY.









WHAT ARE SOME POINTERS FOR BEING POPULAR, AUNT EILEEN? I'VE MADE UP A LIST OF SEVERAL IDEAS...

1. Be yourself. Don't envy others. ✓
2. Be sincere and modest. ✓
3. Be pleasant...not catty. ✓
4. Keep your voice calm. ✓
5. Watch your language. ✓

"THOSE ARE GOOD IDEAS, PATSY. HERE ARE SEVERAL MORE: BE CONFIDENT OF YOUR OWN WORTH. MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR GOOD POINTS. IF YOU AREN'T A GOOD TALKER... BE A GOOD LISTENER!"

I'LL HELP YOU CLEAN UP, PATSY. I'M NO GOOD AT DECORATIONS, BUT I'M A WHIZ AT DISHES!

IN THE FOURTH QUARTER, THE GUARD WAS TAKEN OUT OF THE GAME.

"BE SINCERE AND BE THOUGHTFUL OF OTHERS. CHARM IS THE ART OF PLEASING PEOPLE, AND BEGINS WITH THINKING OF OTHERS MORE THAN OF YOURSELF."

I WAS SO EMBARRASSED WHEN I SPILLED THE CANDY.

I WAS BORN WITH TWO LEFT FEET. I'LL NEVER LEARN TO DANCE.

DON'T WORRY, TERESA. NO ONE NOTICED.

YES, YOU WILL. YOU NEED PRACTICE THOUGH. WHAT ABOUT COMING OVER TO MY HOUSE ON SATURDAY? TERESA AND I WILL SHOW YOU THE STEPS AGAIN.

"LET FREEDOM RING!"

Illustrated by Lloyd OSTENDORF

THANK YOU FOR SHOWING US THROUGH THE ORPHANAGE, SISTER. IT WAS VERY INTERESTING. YOU SISTERS CERTAINLY HANDLE A LOT OF WORK!

AND HAVE A LOT OF PROBLEMS. WE ARE GOING TO SEND THE CHILDREN TO THE COUNTRY FOR A WEEK, AND WE PLAN TO BUY THEM SOME NEW CLOTHES, BUT WE ARE NOT SURE WHERE THE MONEY TO BUY THEM IS COMING FROM.

Prepared under the supervision of the Commission on American Citizenship, Catholic University of America — Washington, D.C.



I GUESS IT DOES TAKE A LOT OF BATHING SUITS AND PLAY SUITS AND...

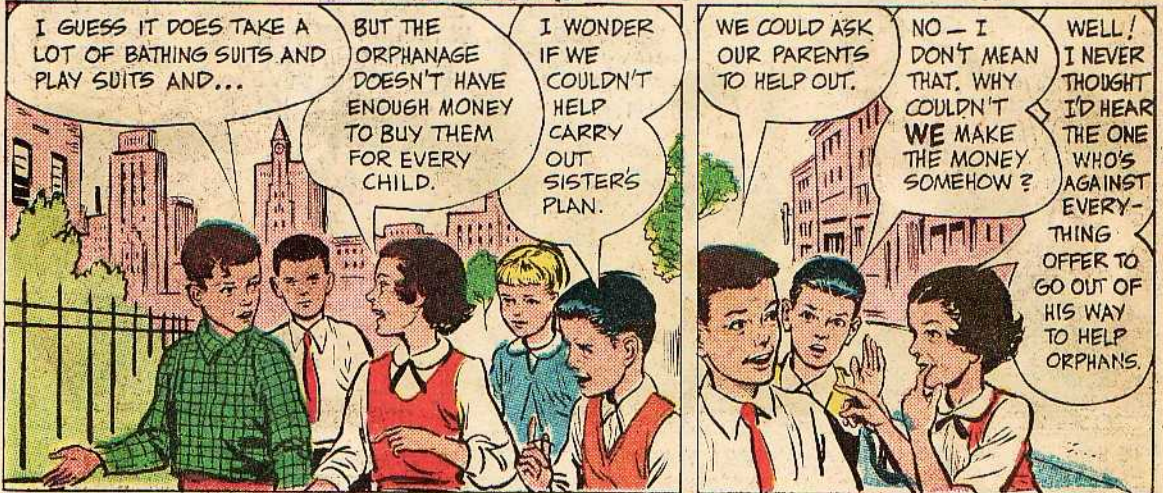
BUT THE ORPHANAGE DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY THEM FOR EVERY CHILD.

I WONDER IF WE COULDN'T HELP CARRY OUT SISTER'S PLAN.

WE COULD ASK OUR PARENTS TO HELP OUT.

NO — I DON'T MEAN THAT. WHY COULDN'T WE MAKE THE MONEY SOMEHOW?

WELL! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HEAR THE ONE WHO'S AGAINST EVERYTHING OFFER TO GO OUT OF HIS WAY TO HELP ORPHANS.



THE CIVICS CLUB ACTED ON JOE'S SUGGESTION. FIRST THERE WAS A CAKE SALE...

CAKE Sale

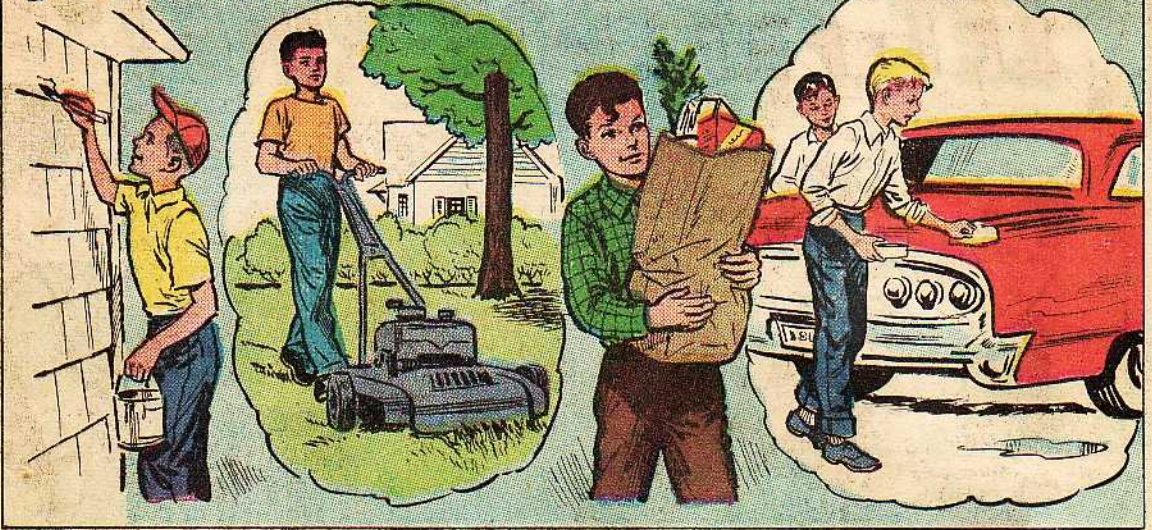
THE CAKES ARE PRICED ACCORDING TO SIZE, MISS BAKER.

MY! WHEN DID YOU GIRLS GET A CHANCE TO DO ALL THIS?

WE AGREED TO STAY IN THE LAST FEW AFTERNOONS AND EVENINGS AND DEVOTE ALL OUR TIME TO BAKING.



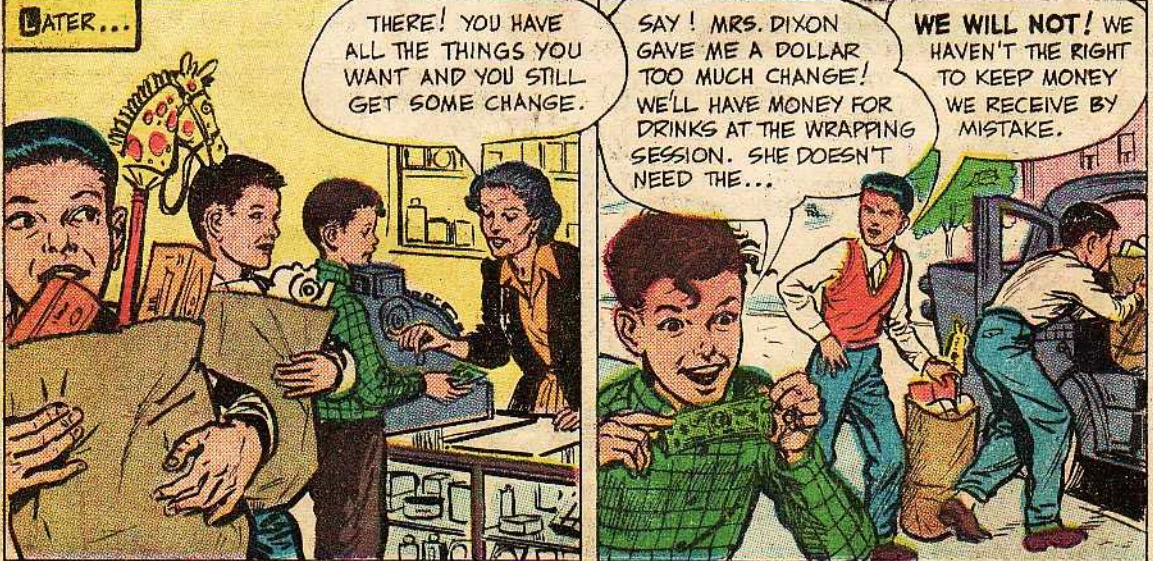
AND THE YOUNG MEN THOUGHT OF A FEW THINGS...



IN A SHORT WHILE...



LATER...





SAKES ALIVE! I SURE WOULD HAVE BEEN IN A TIZZY WHEN I FOUND I WAS A DOLLAR SHORT. YOU'RE AN HONEST BOY. THANK YOU AND GOD BLESS YOU.



AT THE WRAPPING-UP SESSION...

THIS IS SURE HOT WORK FOR A SATURDAY AFTERNOON. BOY! THAT SWIMMING POOL WOULD SURE BE A NICE THING TO BE IN.

WE'VE ALREADY BEEN AT IT FOUR HOURS AND WE AREN'T DONE YET!



HERE'S A LETTER FROM THE ORPHANAGE. SISTER SUPERIOR THINKS IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU CLUB MEMBERS PRESENTED THE BOXES TO THE FIRST GROUP LEAVING FOR THE COUNTRY.



AT THE ORPHANAGE...

DOING THIS FOR THE POOR CHILDREN MAKES ME FEEL BETTER THAN ANYTHING WE'VE DONE ALL YEAR.

NATURALLY. AS ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SAID, THE POOR ARE OUR MASTERS AND WE SHOULD SERVE THEM ALWAYS.



NOW HE'S QUOTING ST. VINCENT DE PAUL INSTEAD OF COMMUNISTS!

IT LOOKS AS IF HE'S BEEN READING A LOT OF BOOKS THAT ARE ON THE SOVIET FORBIDDEN LIST.

JUST SHOWS WHAT READING CAN DO.



NO—IT WASN'T READING, IT WAS WATCHING. I READ—BUT I SAW PEOPLE PUTTING WHAT I READ INTO ACTION. IT WAS WHAT YOU PEOPLE **DID** THAT CONVINCED ME.

WE TRIED TO MAKE YOU A GOOD CITIZEN AND WE DID. ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS TO BE AS GOOD AS YOU ARE.





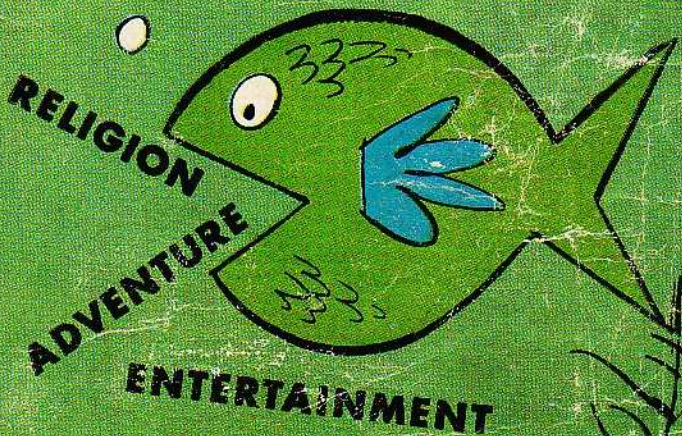
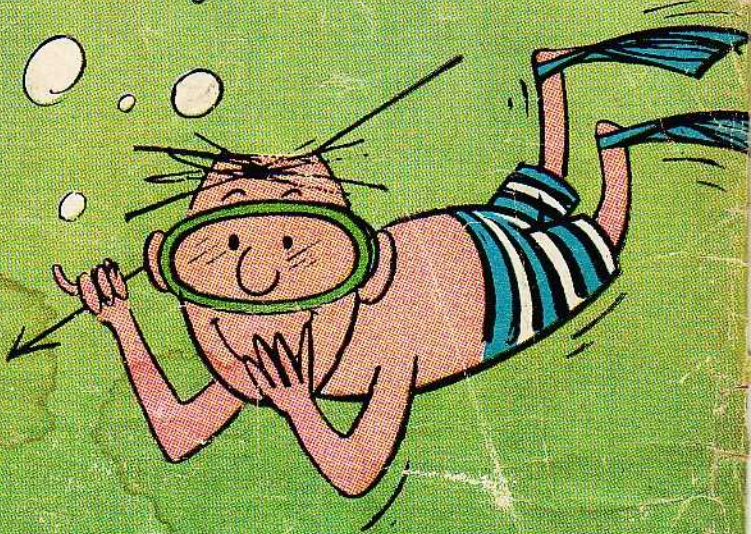
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